

FRANK READE



WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

Containing Stories of Adventures on Land, Sea & in the Air.

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AROUND THE WORLD, UNDER WATER; OR, THE WONDERFUL CRUISE OF A SUBMARINE BOAT.

By "NONAME".



Two of the divers seemed determined to take the life of a third, "My!" thought Frank, "they would kill him!" He made signs to Pomp. The darky pulled his ax from his belt, and, with Frank, started to the rescue.

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Around the World Under Water;

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CHAPTER I.

A SCIENTIFIC DEBATE.

In the year 18— there was held in the rooms of the American Scientific Institute, in New York City, a gathering of learned savants and men of knowledge.

Nearly every principal city in the country was represented. It was a vast aggregation of knowledge and brains, and the few spectators enjoyed a mental treat such as had never fallen to their lot before.

The evening was occupied with various lectures, addresses and debates, all of them of a mighty thrilling nature, for the subject of the congress was:

"The bed of the ocean. Its formation, material, extent and how best to accomplish its exploration."

It can be understood that such a subject could not necessarily be a dry one.

In fact, it was a very watery discussion, and at times the water was very hot, especially when Prof. Filipini Giorza expressed his firm opinion that the maelstrom was formed by the boiling of a vast submarine geyser two miles below the surface of the sea.

This provoked some discussion, Dr. Seabright Van Bulow taking an opposite stand.

In fact, the argument went so far that much personal abuse was used, until the president silenced the discussion by rapping to order and fining each member liberally who was in the squabble.

As soon as order was restored the original debate, which concerned the bottom of the sea, was returned to.

Prof. Valentine Vose, who had until now been silent, arose and addressed the meeting.

The professor was a tall, fine looking man of possibly sixty years of age.

He was the distinguished author of several high class works upon geology, and his opinions were certainly entitled to respect.

"Mr. President—gentlemen!" he began, "I believe the object of our assembly here to-night is to consider the feasibility of making an extended research of the bed of the ocean for the interests of science and geology?"

"That is one of the objects!" interrupted Dr. Van Bulow. Professor Vose bowed.

"I accept your amendment to my speech," he said. po-

lately. "Let it go at that. Why not, then, discuss this matter without further delay?"

"That is right!"

"Go ahead!"

"No more quarreling!"

These cries and others filled the air.

Professor Vose cleared his throat, and then continued:

"I believe that it is quite possible to successfully carry out this plan and make a thorough exploration!"

There was a deep silence.

A pin could almost have been heard to drop in the hall.

Finally, a voice said:

"In what manner do you believe that this can be done?"

"Very simply!" replied Vose, "by means of a submarine boat!"

"A submarine boat?"

A buzz of surprise filled the hall. Was all report true that this man Vose was a literal and dangerous crank.

Everybody looked keenly at him. One man asked:

"Have you a submarine boat at your command, Professor Vose?"

The learned geologist looked steadily at his interlocutor and electrified the meeting by replying:

"I have."

The reply created a sensation. Everybody crowded nearer agog with interest.

"A submarine boat!"

"Something new!"

"Who ever heard the like. Might as well talk of flying in the air!"

"All of which has been solved!" replied Vose, quietly. "Gentlemen, I am not talking idly. I can back up every word I utter with positive proof."

"You can?" cried Van Bulow.

"Yes."

"Well, we are obliged to call upon you to do it!"

"I can and will. Perhaps you have not all heard of Mr. Frank Reade, Jr., the young American inventor. Well, he it is who has solved this great riddle of submarine navigation!"

"Another Verne?" laughed a member.

Vose gave him a contemptuous glance, then gazing out over the audience, he said:

"If Mr. Reade is here will he please step forward!"

From the crowd a tall and straight young man advanced. He was a distinguished-looking youth, and would have attracted general attention anywhere.

His features were a trifle dark, but clear cut and handsome.

There was a distingue air about him which proclaimed him more than ordinary.

As he turned and faced the crowd his demeanor was modest and unassuming, though the flash of his eye was as keen as a dart.

"Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Frank Reade, Jr., the inventor," said Professor Vose. "He will be glad to answer all questions in regard to this submarine boat."

The young inventor faced the audience of distinguished men, and said:

"Gentlemen, Professor Vose has interested me greatly in this subject of exploring the bottom of the ocean. In fact, it has been my purpose for some years to undertake a like feat for my own gratification. I have invented and already built a submarine boat, in which I propose to take a trip around the world, under water."

The young inventor paused a moment.

The excitement was intense.

Many thought that the speaker was crazy. Few could believe that the matter of submarine navigation had been solved.

But that it had been, and in a masterful way, the reader shall speedily learn.

"Do you really mean to say that you have built a submarine boat, Mr. Reade?" asked one of the scientists.

The young inventor nodded his head.

"Have you made a trial with it?" with some sarcasm.

"I have."

"This is quite wonderful. I suppose you understand that if you have really accomplished this feat you have made fame and fortune?"

"I have already made fame and fortune!" replied Frank, with dignity. "I am not trying to foist anything upon this society. Indeed, I have been persuaded, as a favor to Professor Vose, to make you an offer that a committee of two from your society may accompany me, if they choose, upon my submarine tour. Personally, it is of no consequence to me at all whether they accept or not. I start in two days, so it will be necessary to take immediate action. I am not in pursuit of any reward nor pecuniary compensation whatever, save such as I may find at the bottom of the sea."

With this manly and pointed declaration the young inventor stepped down from the platform.

His words had one excellent effect.

They seemed right nobly to bring the carping listeners to their senses.

At once Professor Giorza arose.

"We all wish to humbly beg the gentleman's pardon, if we have offended him," he declared; "the American Society would never be guilty of an impolite act. But he will understand our surprise at such an astonishing declaration as he has just made!"

"I will speak for my friend," said Professor Vose, with dignity. "He is telling you the absolute truth. His home is in Readestown, and you all have an invitation to be on hand the day of the launch. As a member of this club I make a motion that Mr. Reade be thanked for his kind offer, and that a committee of two be appointed to accompany him!"

The motion was greeted with cheers.

It was warmly seconded and unanimously passed.

A ballot showed that Professor Vose and Dr. Van Bulow were elected to accompany the submarine navigator.

Both gentlemen were delighted, and the envied of their compatriots.

They shook hands warmly with Frank Reade, Jr., and said:

"We will be on hand Thursday with all our effects, ready for the start."

"Who will go beside us?" asked Dr. Van Bulow.

"My two friends, Barney O'Shea, an Irishman, and Pomp, a negro," replied Frank. "They will be my crew."

With a few more words the meeting adjourned sine die.

It is needless to say that not a member of the society but was mightily interested in the venture.

All envied the two savants who were going with Frank Reade, Jr.

The news of the intended tour around the world under water spread over all the country like wildfire.

The press took it up, and everybody read the thrilling accounts.

Many regarded it all as a hoax, but the members of the American Society were all on hand at the launching.

A short time was devoted to an inspection of the *Dart*, as the boat was called.

In all their lives they had never seen so peculiarly constructed a craft.

It was unlike anything they had ever seen before.

The hull was long, narrow and rakish, and built somewhat on the model of a light government cruiser, with a great steel ram in front.

The hull was made of finely rolled steel, neatly plated.

There were decks forward and aft, and a narrow bridge running amidships from stem to stern, with a railing.

But from a point just aft of the chains and forward of the

rear deck there rose to a considerable height a dome-shaped structure of plated steel.

This was perforated in some places with windows and deadeyes.

The lower part was the cabin, but the upper section was a vast reservoir of air or water, whichever should be admitted.

The pressing of an electric key in the dynamo-room or the pilot-house would open a vast valve, throwing instantly a huge volume of sea water into the chamber.

This would at once sink the boat.

To raise it it was only necessary to open another valve, which expelled the water by powerful hydraulic pressure of tons weight, and caused the boat to rise like a bubble.

Three hollow steel masts arose from the decks and the center of the dome.

There were gangways, neat little bridges, and upper and lower decks. But there was an automatic device for closing airtight every door or window aboard the craft when under water.

The interior of the submarine boat was scarcely less wonderful.

It lacked nothing for comfort or convenience that could be procured.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The visitors passed through a steel door, with airtight, rubber edges, into the cabin of the craft.

This was luxuriously furnished, and was a sitting-room, parlor, library and drawing-room all combined.

The costliest of furniture adorned the place, and there were fine books, nautical instruments and a stand of arms.

Beyond this cabin was the mess-room and the cooking galley.

Then there were the staterooms, and on the lower deck was all the wonderful electrical machinery of the boat.

There were electric wires connecting with the pilot-house, which was forward of the dome.

"But you will explain to me, Mr. Reade," said one of the visitors, "how you are supplied with air while under water?"

"Certainly," said Frank. "Just step this way."

Into the main cabin they went.

Frank then touched a peculiar fluttering valve in the cabin partition.

"You will notice that there are several hundred of these valves in various parts of the boat," he declared. "They are all connected with a chemical reservoir in the hold of

the boat, which recharges the air with fresh oxygen, and also, by an induction draught, consumes all poisonous vapors or gases which may be generated in the confinement of passengers."

"Wonderful! That keeps you all the while supplied with pure air?"

"Yes."

The Dart was thoroughly equipped for a long voyage.

There were any quantity of provisions on board, as well as ammunition and other stores.

Everything was in readiness for the departure upon the wonderful trip around the world under water.

A vast crowd was collected around the quays of Readestown that day.

From all over the country people had come to witness the start.

Various and odd were the opinions expressed.

There were many who had absolute faith in the inventions of Frank Reade, Jr., and predicted success.

One man went about trying to wager even money that the Dart would sink and never rise again.

But at length the hour for the launch came.

The party all went on board.

There were Prof. Valentine Vose, Dr. Van Bulow, Frank Reade, Jr., and Barney and Pomp.

The former was a curious specimen of the native born Celt, with an honest heart and the richest of brogues.

The latter was a genuine type of the plantation dandy, bubbling with wit and humor, but true as steel.

All stood on the deck as the eventful moment came.

The workmen at the ways knocked away the supports, the Dart gave a lunge and then went racing away down to the water.

There was a plunge, spray went up for several feet, the Dart's nose took a dip, then she righted.

And as she floated there on top of the water like a cork, she made a handsome picture, and drew a vast cheer from the crowd.

Bands played, cannons fired, and Frank Reade, Jr., waved the American flag.

Then the young inventor turned and gave sharp orders to Barney and Pomp.

All rushed into the cabin.

A touch upon an electric key and the doors and windows were hermetically closed.

Another key was pressed and the chemical air began to circulate throughout the boat's interior.

Frank made sure this was pure and sweet.

Then Barney rushed to the dynamo-room, and Frank went into the pilot-house.

A little bell tinkled, there was a lunge, the hissing of air, and the Dart disappeared gracefully beneath the waves.

Down to the bed of the river she settled, and there rested upon a heap of rubble.

The electric searchlight was sent everywhere under the water, the shutters fell from the deadeye windows, and the passengers looked out upon the scene about them.

Nobody experienced any nausea or were pressed for air. The descent trial was a success.

Now for the ascent.

Frank pressed a key, and the hydraulic pump valves quickly worked.

The water rushed from the air chamber in mighty volumes, and instantly the Dart, by its regained buoyancy, began to rise.

Up from the depths of the river into the open air all dripping she burst.

A tremendous cheer went up from the waiting crowd.

It seemed as if they would crack their throats as the success of the Dart was thus assured.

The voyagers appeared on deck for a moment.

Then the Dart moved away upon her voyage to the sea.

Down the river she made her way at a medium rate of speed.

In due course she reached the delta of the river, and then was in salt water.

Frank had carefully marked out his course upon a chart.

He had selected a point just off St. Augustine to make a start from.

Then he intended to go due east across the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean, the South Pacific, and again into the Atlantic, via Cape Horn, and thence to the starting point.

This would assure an absolute circumference of the earth under water.

In due course St. Augustine was reached.

Frank at once sent the Dart to the bottom.

It was his purpose to come to the surface only in case of an emergency until the whole trip had been made.

The submarine boat descended until within sight of the bed of the ocean by means of the searchlight.

Then it shot forward.

The great trip had begun.

Around the world under water! Surely this was a wonderful feat to attempt.

It required a nervy and keen-sighted man in the pilot-house.

For the bed of the ocean was extremely undulating.

There were valleys and mountains, hills and dales, just the same as on land.

The risk of running into these elevations was by no means small.

It was necessary to lift or lower the boat at intervals to avoid this and still keep in view of the bed of the sea.

The sights revealed to the submarine navigators were something wonderful to behold.

At this point there were coral reefs, plains of snow-white sand, and valleys and grottoes peopled with all sorts of strange marine life.

Fishes of all shapes and colors swam in and out of these beautiful abodes of the sea.

In the glare of the searchlight they were all made quite plain.

The two scientists, Dr. Van Bulow and Professor Vose, were nearly beside themselves with excitement.

They could hardly contain themselves, so anxious were they to get out upon the bed of the ocean and secure specimens.

Frank Reade, Jr., had foreseen this, and had provided for what he believed would be an important exigency.

Down deep in the boat and over the keel was an air and water tight compartment.

It had a sliding steel floor.

Connected with this floor was a contrivance made of rubber and elastic steel wires.

This was bell-shaped, and when compressed lay flat against the hull of the boat.

But when expanded and the boat rested ten feet from the bottom, it would settle down, and the edges would cling tenaciously (by means of a spongy contrivance heavily charged with electricity) to the bottom of the sea.

So tightly would they cling in this manner, that by pumping out the water in this curiously contrived diving-bell, any one could safely walk on the bed of the ocean.

This was used often.

Whenever a specimen was seen, or there was occasion to make an examination of the ground, this curious arrangement was easily employed.

The savants were rapidly acquiring a perfect knowledge of the plant and animal life of the ocean depths.

Whenever Frank Reade, Jr., or Barney or Pomp wanted to go out exploring, however, they employed a far different means.

Frank was the inventor of a peculiar diving-suit, which did not require pump nor life hose.

An air-chamber, with a chemical generator, was worn upon the back, and connected with the helmet, gave a supply of air which would last for hours.

Amidships there was a door and vestibule by which en-

trance and exit was made while the boat was submerged.

The vestibule remained filled with water until needed.

Then a pump drove the water out of it, and the diver entered. Closing the door behind him hermetically he admitted the water again, and then walked out into the ocean.

He returned in the same way.

Two curious characters aboard the Dart were Barney and Pomp.

Both were fond of playing practical jokes upon the other. Though the best of friends, they frequently were found in a wrestle.

It was hard to tell which came off victor the greatest number of times.

For every joke the ducky played upon the Irishman, he got back again with compound interest.

"Begorra, av yez think ye'll iver get the best av Barney O'Shea, it's a misthake yez will be afther makin'," the Celt would say.

"Don't yo' fool yo'sef," said Pomp, with a vigorous tossing of his woolly head. "Yo' ain' smaht enuff but dis chile will git square wif yo', an' don' yo' fo'git it!"

Prompt in their duties, fearless in time of danger, and greatly devoted to him, Frank placed great value upon the services of his two servitors.

The Dart made good progress the first day under water.

Indeed, the rate of speed was at times terrific.

The Dart outstripped all the big fishes with ease.

It must have been a surprise to them to see this curious, blazing monster go rushing through their hitherto unexplored haunts.

Strange and wonderful were the scenes revealed at the bottom of the ocean.

To describe them all would be the work of a lifetime. At times the boat halted, that the scientists might do some work.

For the first day very little of interest occurred beyond this.

But the second day a thrilling affair took place.

Frank was in the pilot-house, Pomp in the galley, Barney in the engine-room, and the two scientists in the cabin, when a great warning cry from Frank's lips rang through the ship.

Instantly everybody was roused. What had happened?

CHAPTER III.

THE GIANT WHALE.

Frank Reade, Jr.'s warning cry had brought all into the pilot-house.

It was instantly seen that there was good cause for alarm.

A great cry went up.

"Bejabers, it's kilt we are!" cried Barney.

"Mah goodness! jes' look at dat dar big critter!" gasped Pomp, almost turning pale.

The two scientists stood aghast and had not time to speak.

For there through the plate glass by the seachlight's glare they saw a mighty thrilling sight.

This was a monster whale coming straight for the Dart, with its jaws wide open and displaying its mighty rows of teeth.

The whale evidently regarded the boat as a rival monster of the deep, and considered it its business to crush it at once.

Frank Reade, Jr., had for one moment been undecided how to act.

So sudden and startling had been the whale's appearance that he had been taken wholly off his guard.

Now, however, he quickly made action.

He threw back the lever which was to exhaust the reservoir and the Dart began to rise upward.

But quick as the movement had been it was not quite quick enough.

One of the whale's flukes struck the Dart as the monster passed under the keel.

The result was terrific.

It was like the shock of an earthquake, and for a moment every man on board seemed standing on his head.

The submarine boat quivered like an aspen long after the shock.

Everything movable was hurled right and left and piled up in heaps.

For a moment all thought they were lost.

Frank Reade, Jr., was willing to give up the boat as wrecked hopelessly.

But the Dart righted herself and continued upward.

The next moment she shot up into daylight.

All managed to recover themselves sufficiently to get upon their feet and look around them.

The interior of the submarine boat presented the appearance of much havoc and ruin.

Everything was turned upside down, and everybody was more or less battered and bruised.

Yet no great harm was done despite all this.

Looking out through the glass partition all could see the surface of the heaving blue sea.

"Golly fo' glory!" cried Pomp, rubbing his shins. "I done fought mah time had come den fo' suah!"

"Bejabers, an' niver a priest on hand to hear me confession!" wailed Barney. "Shure, it's to torment I'd have wint!"

Professor Vose and Dr. Van Bulow were each nursing bruises.

Frank Reade, Jr., however, had dived below decks.

He had been fearful that some of the machinery might be out of order. It was his first thought.

But a quick examination convinced him that no harm had been done.

Everything was all right.

But what of the belligerent whale?

Everybody was asking this question.

It was quickly answered.

Suddenly Barney gave a sharp cry and pointed out over the dancing waves.

"Shure, an' there is the old omadhoun!" he cried. "Wud yez luk at the size av him!"

The monster had come to the surface to spout.

He was seen to be the largest specimen of a spermaceti that any there had ever seen before.

After spouting for some while the whale commenced making a lightning-like circle of the Dart.

It was evident that the monster meant to attack the boat again.

There was no other way but to prepare for this, and Frank did so.

It was likely now to be a battle royal to the death between the whale and the submarine boat.

But the young inventor in making his boat had foreseen just such exigencies as the present, and had prepared for them.

He procured from a chest in the forward cabin a curious looking float with a long steel lance in the end of it.

This was held in check within the float by means of a sensitive spring.

To the float was attached a long, insulated wire.

The float propelled itself by means of a negative current of electricity. Placed in the water it would travel in a straight line wherever directed.

Contact with an object by the float would loosen the spring and let fly the lance, which was charged through the wire with a deadly current from the dynamos.

A touch from the lance would be sufficient to knock the whale into perpetual insensibility.

Frank placed the electric torpedo, for such it really was, in the water.

He could easily guide it by means of the insulated wire.

The torpedo started for the whale.

Through the water it glided.

The cetacean at that moment was resting quietly on the surface, alternately spouting and blowing.

If he did not move the torpedo would be sure to strike him.

Everybody on board the Dart watched with keen interest.

But just as the torpedo arrived within a few yards of the whale, the monster leisurely glided out of range.

"What a pity!" cried Dr. Van Bulow, drawing a deep breath.

The two scientists had been watching the affair with deep interest.

But Frank was not to be baffled.

"Bring the Dart about two points," he commanded Barney.

The Celt obeyed.

This brought the submarine boat around so that once more the torpedo was headed for the whale.

But away dashed the monster in a mad career.

"Look out!" cried Professor Vose, wildly, "he is coming for us."

Indeed, this seemed true.

The whale was coming head on toward the boat.

Frank began to pull in the torpedo.

"Steady, Barney!" he cried. "Shoot ahead at the right moment. Dodge him!"

"I will, sor," replied the Celt.

Barney's keen gaze was upon the monster, and his right hand was on the motor lever.

At just the right moment he would send the boat ahead.

But suddenly, when within sixty yards the monster for some reason or other dived.

Down he went, leaving the mighty whirlpool of waters behind.

Frank feared that he would come up under the Dart and hoist it out of the water.

"Look out, Barney," he cried. "Better go ahead a bit."

"All roight, sor."

The boat shot ahead two hundred feet.

Then Frank rushed to the stern.

His surmise had proved correct.

Up came the whale just at the spot where the Dart had been.

The monster had calculated well, but his adversary had dodged him.

Up came the monster, sending a column of water high in the air.

It was evidently surprised at the disappearance of its foe.

Indeed, so taken aback was the monster that it made no further effort to change its position.

It remained motionless like a floating island in that spot for some minutes.

It was Frank's time.

While the whale was endeavoring thus to recover from its surprise, the young inventor was engaged in preparing a hot reception for it.

Into the water Frank quickly placed the electric torpedo.

This time the distance was not so great. Forward glided the torpedo and straight for the whale.

The next moment the whale spouted.

Frank feared for a moment that the monster would change its position, but it did not.

On glided the torpedo.

All on board craned their necks and watched with interest. The next moment the torpedo struck the whale.

There was a shock, an upward current of blue flame, and the whale seemed to fairly leap out of the water.

That was all.

Silently the huge body drifted astern with the wind. The deadly invisible current had done its work.

The danger was removed. The battle was won.

The superior science and brains of man had triumphed over brute force and mighty power. It was a thing to think upon.

Frank shut off the current and drew the torpedo in.

"Whew!" exclaimed Professor Vose, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "what a wonderful thing is electricity."

Frank now ordered Barney to let the Dart descend.

No land was in sight. Far in the distance a sail was seen.

Down went the Dart into the black depths once more.

Again the electric lights shone forth, illuminating the bed of the ocean with all its wonders.

Once more the Dart went groping its way through an ocean valley.

The searchlight now revealed most wonderful sights.

High upon either hand rose mighty cliffs and walls of black kelp strewn rock.

Curious growths of marine plants grew in forests upon the mountain and hillsides, and the strangest of fishes and submarine monsters lurked in their depths.

The Dart made its way slowly down into this dark valley.

The two scientists were now very busy.

There were thousands of curious things for them to see and analyze, and make notes upon.

"Indeed, Doctor," said the professor, "we shall be able

to write a hundred volumes upon these wonderful things when we get home."

"You are right, Vose," agreed the doctor; "we are lucky men."

"Few in this generation have been so favored."

"I agree with you."

The Dart kept on down the submarine valley.

They were descending to a terrible depth. Suddenly a startling thing occurred.

An awful wall of blackness lay below them. The electric lights could not break it.

The Dart came to a jarring stop. It gave starts and jerks, and its metal shell groaned and cracked alarmingly.

Moreover, every one on board experienced a strange, sickening feeling at the pit of the stomach.

"My God! What has happened?" cried Professor Vose, wildly. "Doctor, I fear we are lost. Something must have happened to the machinery."

CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS THE SINK.

It was simply a terrible reflection that the machinery had gone wrong.

At that awful depth in the sea, suppose that it refused to ever work again? There they must stay.

How awful the thought. How hideous a nightmare.

But fortunately nothing of this kind occurred.

Frank Reade, Jr., was in the pilot-house.

The two savants rushed in upon him.

"My God! What has happened, Frank?" asked Vose.

"Are we lost?" queried Van Bulow.

But the young inventor was cool.

"I think not!" he replied, "but I don't believe we can explore this valley any further."

"Why not?"

"The pressure is too great."

The two scientists drew a deep breath.

They understood it all now.

They wondered why they had not seen it in the first place.

It is a well-known fact that at a certain depth in the ocean, the upward pressure of the millions of tons of water is so great that the most solid chunk of iron would be crushed like an eggshell.

Indeed, objects sinking to a certain depth have such buoyancy in this mightily compressed body of water that they never reach the bottom, but hang in suspension.

Thus it was with the Dart.

Its buoyancy was such that it absolutely refused to descend deeper into the valley.

So dense was that lower stratum of water that even the electric light could not penetrate it.

The intense pressure of the water in their present position threatened to crush the Dart.

So Frank hastily proceeded to back out of the valley.

Slowly and cautiously the Dart was extricated from its perilous position.

A backward course was taken, and soon the Dart was out of danger.

Frank consulted his compass and found that his bearings were all right.

The Dart now forged ahead at a good rate of speed.

The bottom could not be seen, and down below all was blackness.

Frank remained in the pilot-house for some hours, until after awhile objects became visible below once more, and a coral reef rose up out of the gloom.

The mighty sink which could never be penetrated by man was passed.

The Dart's electric light now showed the bottom of the ocean with an upward trend.

Reefs and sandbars of enormous proportions were now encountered.

Of course, little was to be feared from them as it was easy to guide the Dart over them.

Frank conjectured that they had probably passed over a vast submarine valley, and now had come to higher land and broad uplands of sand and coral.

The water became brighter, and there was every evidence that they were nearer the surface.

Frank looked at the patent register which indicated the depth, and to his surprise discovered that they were easily within one hundred feet of the surface.

The spirits of all were now brighter.

Passing over the valley had certainly occasioned a momentary gloom which was most depressing.

The Dart now glided along through the water with the utmost of ease.

The two scientists, Van Bulow and Vose, resumed their observations, and Barney and Pomp repaired to the galley where they began chaffing each other.

Each was always engaged in playing practical jokes upon the other.

It was hard to tell which got the best of it in the end.

"Golly, I'ish!" spluttered Pomp, "if yo' don' jes' clar out ob dis cook-house right off now I'se gwine fo' to gib yo' dat what yo' won't want, chile!"

"Begorra, an' phwat's that?" asked the Celt, mischievously, as he substituted salt for the soda with which Pomp was trying to make biscuits.

"Yo'll fin' out in a way dat yo' won't care fo'," declared Pomp, mixing up the salt with the flour unsuspectingly.

"Arrah, an' it's always talkin' yez are an' niver a bit av action!" retorted Barney. "Divil a bit I care for such as yez."

Pomp suddenly caught up some of the dough which he was molding and examined it.

It required but a glance for him to see that it was not just right.

He was perplexed.

He picked up the dish in which the salt had been placed. Some of the salt was yet in it. A taste was enough. The darky at once divined the truth.

Of course he was mad that his work should have been spoiled in this manner.

But he did not betray this fact to Barney.

He was too shrewd for that.

He was determined to get square with the Celt at any cost.

Suddenly he gave a cry of amazement, and pointed out through the glass window which looked out into the sea.

Barney of course instantly gazed in the same direction.

This was the opportunity that the darky wanted. He acted quickly.

Swift as a flash he caught up the worthless dough.

It had not been molded much, and was soft and sticky.

Pomp hurled it at Barney's head.

It caught the Celt full in the face, forced its way into his half open mouth, and completely filled his nose and eyes.

For a moment he was completely hors du combat, and unable to breathe or see.

Then he began to dig the dough out of his mouth and eyes.

Pomp's revenge was a sweet one, and he gave way to the most hilarious emotions, laughing boisterously with all his might.

"Ho, ho, ho! Yo' done fought yo' played a mighty fine trick on dis chile, didn't yo'? But it didn't wo'k so berry well after all. Yah, yah, yah!"

"Tare an' 'ounds!" spluttered the Celt, furiously, "I'll have the heart out av yez fer that, yez black misfit."

But Pomp suddenly caught him by the shoulders and pitched him out of the galley.

Then he closed and barred the steel door.

For the nonce he was safe, and could laugh at his confrere in hearty fashion, while he went on vigorously with his work.

Barney was forced to be content with blackguarding his persecutor outside the door. He uttered all sorts of threats.

"Shure, yez'll niver dare to come out, yez black divil!" he cried, excitedly. "I'll have the heart out av yez fer this!"

"Huh! if yo' don' let me out yo' don' get no suppah!" retorted Pomp, who knew well enough that he had the best of the situation altogether.

Barney, however, was determined to get square with his friend.

He pretended to go to his duties in the engine-room.

Instead, however, he picked up a wet and dirty swab which had been used for washing the lower deck, and stationed himself behind the door.

Pomp worked away cheerfully for a while.

He sang plantation songs and whistled breakdowns, and altogether was very merry indeed.

He never suspected the surprise Barney had in store for him. Indeed, he believed the Celt was hard at his own work.

"Huh! I don' fink dat I'ishman want fo' to trifle wif dis chile any mo'," he muttered to himself with a chuckle.

After awhile he thought he would go into the main cabin.

Confident that the coast was clear, he boldly unlocked the door and stepped out. What happened next was to him a genuine surprise, as well as a shock.

Down upon his devoted head came that swab with a sickening thud.

Dirty water filled his mouth, nose, ears and eyes, and trickled down his neck. For a moment he thought the boat had collapsed.

"Massy sakes, alibe!" he spluttered, furiously, "wha' am dat? Dis chile am gwine to kingdom come. Bress de Lor', bress——"

He suddenly ceased shouting.

His eyes had cleared sufficiently for him to see his adversary just in front of him.

There was Barney with his hands upon his hips, arms akimbo, laughing in the wildest manner.

Of course this added vastly to the fury of the darky.

"Golly!" he muttered, "I done spile dat bit of fun, yo' bet!"

Lowering his head, quick as a flash the darky shot forward.

The Celt saw him coming, but was not quick enough to get out the way.

His hilarity was the next moment brought to a sudden halt.

The darky's head took him in the abdomen, and with such terrific force that he was lifted clean off his feet.

He sat down so hard that for a few moments he could not recover his breath.

When he did finally, Pomp had retreated into the galley again, and had the laugh turned upon him.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he roared. "Yo' done fink yo' do a mighty smaht fink when yo' hit me wif dat swab. But dis chile done git square wif you', suah's yo' b'on."

Barney went groaning away to his quarters.

Both had enough fooling for one day, so the joke dropped.

Meanwhile, the Dart had been making good time across the plain of sand and coral.

All sorts of strange and wonderful objects were encountered.

Sometimes the wreck of a ship was seen, lying half buried in the sand.

At all times the temptation was great to visit the wreck and explore it.

But Frank did not deem it advisable thus far, so they were passed by.

But an incident occurred just here which was worthy of note.

The Dart sailed, perhaps, twenty feet above the bed of the ocean.

The two scientists were below deck at a vast bull's-eye window in the hull, with a powerful searchlight.

As the Dart sped on they took note of everything on the ocean-bed below.

And suddenly a strange and thrilling sight was seen.

The Dart had slowed up for some reason, when the scientists saw deeply imbedded in the sand the long outlines of what looked like a monster sea serpent.

At first they believed they had really stumbled upon that veritable monster.

But a moment's scrutiny caused them to change their mind.

"Heavens!" gasped Van Bulow. "It is a mighty eel, Vose. The largest ever seen or heard of. Did you ever see his equal?"

"No. I never did!" replied the professor, almost spell-bound.

Even Frank Reade, Jr.; in the pilot-house had seen the eel and now brought the submarine boat to a sudden stop.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE WITH AN EEL.

That it really was a monster eel there was no doubt.

Its dimensions were something terrible to think of. The sea serpent was certainly put in the shade.

The eel seemed certainly sixty feet in length, and was possessed of a body of great thickness.

The creature lay partly imbedded in the sands.

It did not seem to evince fear at sight of the boat.

But, rather, it seemed to remain more quiet.

But Van Bulow was not satisfied. He wished to see the eel move, and did not stop to think of personal injury, which after all might be possible.

So he reached down and lifted the trap just a trifle.

It was a risky thing to do, and the only thing which kept the water from entering was the pressure of the manufactured air of the Dart.

Fortunately little or no water entered.

Van Bulow seized a sharp pointed pole and prodded the eel. The effect was most startling.

The monster reared itself in one huge coil and flashed away like a thunderbolt into the darkness.

But the commotion in the water made by this action was something fearful.

The Dart was lifted and tossed about like a toy, and almost overturned.

It was some moments before the boat regained its equilibrium.

Then Frank Reade, Jr., came tumbling down from the pilot-house.

"Merely on us!" he cried. "Did you ever see the likes of that monster?"

"I can safely say that I never did!" replied Van Bulow.

"Nor I," said Vose.

"It is lucky that he did not strike the Dart."

"You are right."

"I fear that our boat would have been reduced to atoms."

"It certainly would."

The monster had disappeared, but, of course, there was no certainty but that he might come back.

Indeed, at that moment the commotion began once more.

Just in time they saw the danger, and Van Bulow cried:

"Great heavens! there comes the beast again. Look out for him!"

But the admonition was not needed. Frank was already in the pilot-house.

With a quick movement he once more threw back the propeller lever. The Dart shot forward.

The eel had evidently discovered the cause of its injury. It was coming for the boat with vengeful intent.

The eel is known to be an aggressive fish, and will combat anything in the water.

It evidently fancied the submarine boat to be some species of fish—a denizen of the deep like itself.

There was no time to get out a torpedo.

The eel was coming like a flash. But the Dart leaped forward.

Through the water the submarine boat tore at a furious rate of speed.

The eel was in pursuit.

And now ensued a race as novel and strange as was ever put on record.

But it could not last long.

As speedy as the submarine boat was, the eel was more speedy. It gained quickly upon it.

Frank saw that a collision was certainly inevitable.

There was no possible way to avoid it. The young inventor was for a moment thrilled with horror.

He saw that there was no way but to fight the eel.

It was now narrowed down to the question of the best way to fight the monster.

His mind was quickly made up.

Frank knew full well that if the eel should strike the boat in midwater, it would be disastrous for them.

Instantly he adopted a plan of action.

He allowed the boat to descend until it struck the bottom of the sea.

It rested in a bed of sand.

The eel was going so fast that its huge, slimy body glided completely over the boat.

For a moment there was a fearful shock, a grinding and groaning, and it seemed as if the fate of the submarine boat was sealed.

But the stanch little vessel withstood the fearful weight placed upon it.

It rested safely in the sand, and the eel was once more out of sight in a twinkling.

"Frank!" cried Van Bulow from below decks.

"Well," replied the young inventor.

"Do you think we are in the safest kind of a position?"

"Why not?"

"Had we not better go to the surface?"

"No."

"Will not the creature have a better chance at us here?"

"I think not!" replied Frank, with conviction; "he must certainly descend to our level to get at us. If he gets upon the bottom I'll find a way to handle him."

"We have confidence in your ability, Frank!"

"I am glad to hear you say that."

Frank had no doubt that the eel would return.

He understood well enough the peculiarities of that representative of the finny tribe.

Sure enough, the monster did return, but he came in a different manner this time.

Slowly his huge body was seen wriggling through a growth of sea grass just ahead.

He was upon the bottom and gliding toward the boat with the sinuous motions of a serpent.

His blunt head, with its double row of sharp teeth was slightly raised.

Frank had hastily rigged one of the torpedoes, and now had it ready at a forward part.

It was but a moment's work to launch the projectile. By means of the wire it was aimed straight for the eel's head.

There was a surprise in store for that eel.

Barney in the dynamo-room had his hand upon the push button.

He only waited word from Frank to let the current on.

Meanwhile, the young inventor had been watching the eel earnestly.

He let the projectile glide forward toward the monster.

The eel saw it coming, and from that moment its actions were peculiar to say the least.

To Frank's surprise it began to slowly retreat, its sinuous body making a wriggling motion.

Nearer drew the torpedo to the eel.

Suddenly the eel paused.

Then, swift as lightning it darted its head forward.

The result was thrilling.

The eel's jaws closed upon the torpedo with a sudden sharp snap. Then Frank cried out to Barney:

The latter let on the current.

There was a terrific shock, up into the water went the wriggling body of the eel. Then it sank like lead and lay motionless upon the bottom.

It was the end.

The eel, like the giant whale, had been unable to withstand the force of the deadly electric current.

"Hurrah!" cried Van Bulow, wildly, "we have got rid of that foe!"

"You are right!" said Frank.

"But," said Professor Vose, with surprise, "if we have to encounter such monsters as these every step of the way, I fear we shall make very little progress in our trip around the world."

"That is true," replied Frank, "if you gentlemen persist in thrusting a lance into every one of them you see."

Everybody laughed at this.

The eel was closely examined.

The diving-shield was lowered, and the two scientists once more descended upon the bottom of the ocean.

The eel was found to be of the Conger species, and a literal monster.

A close and accurate description was taken of it for scientific purposes.

Then the Dart once more resumed its journey.

Frank now reckoned that they had covered nearly nine hundred miles, and that they were far out into the Atlantic.

They had occupied about four days in making this distance.

This, by calculation, showed that it would take at least four months to accomplish the entire trip.

The circumference of the earth is given as 25,000 miles. Frank decided that faster time must be made.

He now changed his course toward the equator and the Cape of Good Hope.

The Dart plunged forward now at a faster gait, and the next thousand miles was made in less than three days.

Nineteen hundred miles now brought them to the Shallow Sea, so called, which really consists of many miles of sandbars far below the surface.

The color given to the surface of the sea, however, was so deceptive, that the mariner inevitably used to get out his lead line for soundings, only to find perhaps two hundred fathoms beneath him.

The Shallow Sea covered several hundred square miles, and was indeed a curious freak of nature.

The sand had massed itself into various shapes, and in many cases had solidified into a kind of stone.

These assumed fantastic shapes and colors. Indeed, in no part of the ocean were such beautifully colored fish to be seen as here.

Also, here dwelt the giant crab, the discovery of Van Bulow and Vose.

It was safe to say that no man on land had ever seen one of these monsters. And, indeed, it was quite likely that no other living men had ever seen their like.

They were in shape and appearance very much like the ordinary crab, only of a fearfully gigantic size.

Indeed, one of them ventured to attack the Dart, but Frank managed to get out of the way very quickly.

Thus far the trip had been a glowing success.

Nineteen hundred miles had been covered, and all were in good health and spirits.

The stores did not seem to have depleted noticeably; there was still plenty of chemical for making oxygen, and all was well.

But thrilling adventures were in store.

Suddenly as the Dart was making its way over the sand wastes of the Shallow Sea, a great cry went up from Barney, who was in the pilot-house.

"Shure, wud yez luk at the loikes av this, Misther Frank," he cried, wildly. "Phwhat do yez call it, anyway?"

Frank sprang up into the pilot-house.

"What is the matter, Barney?" he asked, sharply.

"Wud yez only look fer yersilf, Misther Frank," replied the Celt, pointing away into the watery wastes.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ACT OF INJUSTICE.

Frank did look for himself, and beheld a most astonishing spectacle.

There, thrust deeply into the sand at a spot some hundred yards distant, and plainly visible by means of the searchlight, was a spar, and to it was bound tightly the figure of a man.

There he hung, a ghostly spectacle, the victim of—what?

Was it a storm which had dismantled some ship, and sent his body to the bottom lashed to this spar?

Else how could it have got there? Certainly human beings could not have placed him in this position.

It was somewhat curious that the spar should have sunk with the weight of the body.

But it transpired later that it was a section of a steel mast to which the unknown victim was bound.

Frank at once turned the Dart in that direction.

This was an ocean mystery which he believed it was well worth while to investigate.

As the submarine boat drew nearer it was seen with some surprise that the features were perfect, and that the body had not as yet been troubled by the fish.

This was evidence that it had not been long in the water.

"What do you make of it, Frank?" asked Van Bulow, with interest.

"I hardly know," replied the young inventor. "It is very likely some poor victim of a shipwreck."

"Do you believe it?"

"Why, what else can it be?"

"Well, it strikes me that he is the victim of an execution."

"Let us investigate."

The Dart was now quite near the unhappy victim.

He was seen to be a young man of remarkably intelligent features, and dressed in a seaman's garb.

His sightless eyes and drawn features were evidence of the pain he must have suffered.

The Dart rested upon the sand, and Frank gave orders to Barney and Pomp to bring diving suits.

This was done, and then Frank and Barney each donned a suit.

They stepped into the vestibule and closed the door.

In a few moments it was filled with water, and then the outer door was opened and they walked out and stood upon the ocean's bed.

It required some moments for them to get accustomed to the pressure of the vast body of water.

Then both advanced toward the victim bound to the mast.

Frank cut the bonds which held him to the mast.

Then he guessed, with reasonable accuracy, how it was that the mast came to be planted thus in the sand.

The dead man had probably been bound to the mast and shot overboard from some ship.

The steel mast, taking a straight downward plunge, had struck upright in the sand and there remained.

It was certainly a curious thing, but not at all improbable.

Cutting the bonds, Barney and Frank lowered the body and laid it upon the sands.

The young inventor's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused.

He was determined to, if possible, learn the fate of the victim.

Frank's first move was to critically examine the dead man.

He became satisfied that the fellow had been bound to the mast alive, and that he had therefore come to his death by drowning.

Satisfied of this he began to examine the victim's body for some clew as to the reasons for the crime.

As a result, in an inner pocket he succeeded in finding a packet of papers.

These were water-soaked, and it was with difficulty that Frank preserved them.

This was all of value that could be found upon the dead man's person.

Barney returned to the submarine boat and obtained a spade.

With this a grave was dug deep in the sands.

The drowned man was thus buried decently at the bottom of the sea. Thus was a Christian act performed.

This accomplished Barney and Frank returned to the Dart.

Once more on board Frank subjected the papers to a drying process.

All were much interested in the case.

As soon the papers were dry Frank found that they were covered with a quite legible handwriting.

It was barely traceable, however, owing to the action of the water.

However, with the aid of a powerful glass belonging to Van Bulow, the writing was deciphered.

Thus the document read:

"ON BOARD H. M. S. SATELLITE, June 12th, 18—: This is the journal of a few events in the life of Rafael Sands, pursuer of the Satellite, on her trip to the Mexican Gulf.

"I, Rafael Sands, am in solitary confinement, accused of a crime of which I am wholly innocent.

"On the first day of this month a terrible discovery was made in the forward cabin.

"The first lieutenant was discovered in his life blood, hacked and mutilated almost beyond description.

"It was murder beyond a doubt. The crew were piped to quarters and great excitement for a time reigned.

"Of course, some person on board had committed the crime. I was horrified, as were the rest, but never dreamed of the possibility of the crime being charged to me.

"Imagine my surprise when the guard advanced and arrested me. Without explanation I was thrown into solitary confinement.

"As innocent of the crime as an unborn babe, I would not believe that they could convict me.

"But it was shown at the trial that the blood marks had been traced even to my cabin door.

"In my bunk was found secreted a bloody knife. I was convicted and sentenced to death.

"And I am now awaiting the twelve days' lapse of time to suffer the penalty of this crime, of which before God I am not guilty.

"Oh, will the Almighty permit so unjust a thing? Will he not at the last moment intercede for me?

"I cannot imagine who the real assassin is, and why he should have fastened the crime upon me.

"Doubtless it was for self-protection. My blood will be upon his head.

"I have a presentiment that it was a brutal Swedish sailor, who had acquired a hatred for the first lieutenant, and wreaked his awful revenge in this manner.

"Certainly it is a terrible thing. I have yet six days left in which my innocence may be proved. God grant that the truth will out.

"June 10th. Only two more days of respite. I have been kindly used. There is a certain amount of sympathy for me.

"But I can hardly hope for pardon. The officers of the ship had no other course but to declare me guilty.

"June 12th. The last day has come. All hope is fled. Oh, God! must I die? It is an awful thing to think of.

"Were I guilty, I could face fate with composure. But to die in this manner is most dreadful to think of.

"I am counting the minutes. In a short while I will be in eternity. I must make my peace with God.

"I hear the tramp of the death guard on deck. What folly for me to write this. I shall place it in my bosom, and no mortal eye will ever see it. Yet it comforts me. Now I must put aside my pen. These are the last words. The guard has come. I go!"

Thus ended the journal. For a few moments after Frank finished reading it a deep silence rested upon the party.

"Poor fellow!" said Van Bulow, finally, with a sympathetic sigh.

"No doubt he was innocent," declared Professor Vose. "It is a pity."

All agreed to this.

But the best that could be done for the unfortunate man had been done.

He was buried peacefully in the bed of the ocean, there to wait the final call of the great trumpet and to meet his accusers.

The Dart was once more on its way.

Frank preserved the written statement of the dead man.

It was his purpose to sooner or later send it to the British Government for investigation.

The Shallow Sea was finally left behind, and one day Frank reported that they were hardly eight hundred miles from the African coast.

"Now," he declared, "we should be on the alert for a great discovery."

"What may that be?" asked Dr. Van Bulow.

"It will particularly interest you, gentlemen. It is, of course, easily remembered by you that ancient records speak of a wonderful Atlantis."

"Indeed!" replied Professor Vose, "I remember that well!"

"Very good. It is near this very part of the world that the great Atlantis was supposed to have taken its final plunge."

The two scientists, it is needless to say, were at once interested.

Indeed, they became agog with interest, and could hardly contain themselves.

The Dart had been traveling rapidly, and therefore was in the higher stratum of water.

Frank now slackened speed, and let the boat descend.

The Dart proceeded slowly now, as was the case when engaged in exploration.

The bottom of the sea here presented a different aspect.

Indeed, those on board the Dart had never seen anything like it.

There were vast forests of trees, which seemed strangely like the natural growth on land.

But examination proved that they were covered with an incrustation of coral, and were doubtless thus preserved.

"Upon my word," cried Van Bulow, "I verily believe that this was an original forest, and that this was really once part of the mainland."

"Of course it was," replied Frank, with conviction. "There is no doubt of it. See the hills and valleys, with every indication of a one-time fruitful land."

The scientists were convinced.

"It may be proved," cried Vose, "that the lost Atlantis is no myth, after all, but a genuine reality."

"I think I can prove it to you," said Frank. "We will explore this region well."

"Atlantis is described as having been a very powerful nation, with many big cities and a powerful navy."

"Yes."

"All in one night and day it was overthrown and sank into the ocean."

"Just as Europe or America may do some day when the forces of Nature get to work."

It was a strange thing to think upon.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ATLANTIC CITY.

The Dart now went ahead slowly.

The searchlight's glare was thrown here and there, and everywhere, in fact, to illuminate objects.

Certainly the formation of the ocean bed here was all in keeping with the topography of the land.

It was easy to imagine peaceful and fruitful farms one time flourishing upon these hillsides or in these valleys.

There were vast forests, as life-like as could be in their coral dressing save for the existence of leaves.

Of course they were draped with sea grasses and marine growth.

The bed of the ocean was thick with kelp and sea shells.

There were all manner of forms of marine life, shell and

fish of all kinds, monsters of unknown species lurking in the cavernous depths.

Sights were revealed which were easily calculated to be not at all beneficial to weak nerves.

But finally all this passed away, and narrow cliffs of rocks rising high in the water were upon either side of the Dart.

Of course the boat could have gone over these, but Frank preferred to go through the pass.

So the dart went on slowly and steadily.

Soon beyond the pass the searchlight's glare revealed an astounding sight.

A white, glittering object was seen, and Barney first catching sight of it, cried in amazement:

"Be me sowl, it's a house!"

Astonished, all saw that this was so. The next moment the Dart cleared the pass.

And there before them were the paved streets of a mighty city, all done in white coral.

The searchlight's powerful glare showed up lines of mammoth and costly buildings of stone, long avenues, and spires, and domes, and minarets, all in a wonderful style of architecture, the like of which did not exist on land.

It was a veritable city under the sea, and a more beautiful sight our explorers had never witnessed before.

"A city!" gasped Van Bulow.

"The lost Atlantis," said Vose.

As far as the eye could reach extended the wonderful white city of the deep.

Every building was as white as driven snow.

But this could be easily understood when it was reasoned that the little coral insect had done this.

In the countless centuries which had elapsed since this city had figured as a living center of humanity, the coral insects had accomplished a great work.

Frank let the Dart rise a bit, and all gazed with utmost wonderment upon the wonderful city.

"There is no city like that upon land!" cried Vose.

"You are right," agreed Van Bulow. "London and Paris are nowhere!"

"It seems strange that no better record of this wonderful people is to be obtained."

"It is more than strange," said Frank Reade, Jr., "but such is a fact. However, let us explore the city while we are about it."

Nobody demurred, and the Dart drifted down into the main street of the town.

As far as the eye could reach it extended in vast avenues and streets.

The houses were all massive, and adorned with porticos, balustrades, balconies, and all the wonderful adjuncts of an opulent style of architecture.

"It is evident that the Atlanteans were a people given to luxury and wealth," said Van Bulow.

"I have never seen finer architecture."

"Nor I."

Of course, it was out of the question to attempt a thorough exploration of the city.

This would take an immense amount of time and patience.

So Frank selected one of the largest of the buildings, and said:

"Let us explore this."

So the Dart was safely anchored.

The diving-suits were brought out.

Barney and Pomp, much to their chagrin, were this time forced to remain aboard the boat.

Frank had decided that the two scientists should accompany him.

Of course this was eminently fit and proper, for the research would be of most value to them.

So Vose and Van Bulow proceeded to don their diving armor.

It was the first time that they had ever had it on, and the experience was at once strange and novel!

However, they entered the vestibule and Frank turned on the water.

The place was quickly filled, and then opening the door each walked out.

A moment later, climbing down from the Dart's deck they stood upon the coral pavements.

Each was armed with an ax and a sharp knife, as well as coils of pliable, but stout wire.

These were to be used in case of an emergency.

Down the coral street at the bottom of the sea they walked.

It was a strange and most novel experience.

Yet everything was curiously life-like.

The water was as pure as crystal.

Indeed, as they walked on they could not help looking up at the windows about in instinctive expectation of seeing some person looking out.

What had become of the people in this Atlantean city?

Drowned past a doubt, and in the lapse of time not even the dust of their bodies was now to be found.

It was a forceful subject to reflect upon.

The large building which Frank had singled out he reckoned to have been a hall of debate or congress.

The steps leading to it were as perfect as the day the city went down into the depths.

The young inventor led the way into the place.

They stood in a vast hall, high arched and grand.

This would have been shrouded in darkness but for the electric burners on their helmets.

There were benches and forms, all stationary, though little crabs and sea spiders had made homes in nooks and crannies, and now retreated unceremoniously to their lairs at this intrusion.

The scientists looked about with great curiosity.

The place was thoroughly explored.

But not an object of any kind was to be found.

Only the stone of which the Atlantean city had been built was left.

Of course in that vast lapse of time brass or steel implements would have rusted and passed away.

There were indications of this.

Upon the smooth stone of the altar, from which the coral was broken away, there was the full impress in a dull color of a strange shaped sword.

Its shape was much like that of the old Etruscan hanger.

Once more they passed into the street.

Frank led the way, and they went on further down the street.

This brought them to a mighty square, in the center of which was a domed building.

The center-piece of this was not wholly covered with the coral, and an inscription was to be seen.

But it was not read.

There were good reasons for this, for it was, by far, too enigmatical.

Frank was determined to enter this place. He had no idea what sort of a place it was whatever.

But his curiosity was aroused.

As for the two scientists, they were ready to follow him anywhere.

So into the place they went.

Entering by means of a wide portico, they stood in a small, circular chamber.

There were six doors leading from this, and each led up a stairway. This was certainly odd.

Where did the stairs lead?

Frank had no means of knowing, but he was determined to find out.

He boldly ascended by means of one.

Up he went, until he came to a landing above.

Then he saw that he was in a vast, high-roofed chamber,

with exactly the same number of doors leading into it as had led out of the vestibule below.

It was safe enough to allow that all of them led into this same chamber.

In the center of the chamber was a vast pile of marble, shaped half like a dome, and every ten feet in its surface there was a sealed door.

Frank advanced and examined these doors carefully.

"What a curious looking affair!" Dr. Van Bulow shouted, by placing his helmet close to Frank's.

"It is that!" replied Frank.

"What do you make of it?"

"It may have been a tomb, and these are vaults."

"Yes."

The question might have been settled thus had it not been for Professor Vose.

That worthy advanced, and lifting his ax, dealt one of the doors a blow.

It was instantly shattered in fragments, and the result was a surprise.

Out upon the marble floor there fell a heap of shining yellow metal.

There it lay in a glittering heap in small ingots and bars.

There was no doubting its nature. It was gold, pure and rich.

All these long centuries it had remained intact in that treasure box.

When the three explorers had recovered from their surprise, Frank advanced and picked up some of the metal.

It was as fresh and bright as the day it had been placed there.

In itself it was a fortune of no despicable size.

The three divers made signs to each other, and then Professor Vose shattered one of the other doors.

But as it fell open and disclosed the chamber beyond, it was seen to be empty.

The other chambers also proved to be empty.

Only this one seemed to contain any gold. Undoubtedly this was the treasury of some banking or money changing firm.

At any rate it was a rich find, and Frank decided to remove the treasure to the Dart.

But first of all it was deemed best to finish the tour of exploration.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PIRATES.

Leaving the gold in its place the three divers proceeded to further explore the place.

Nothing more of interest was found, however.

If there had been any more furnishings or any human beings in the place at the time of the overthrow, there was no trace of them there now.

They had probably long since crumbled to dust and passed away into nothingness.

It was decided to return to the street and continue the search further.

This was done.

The huge electric light of the Dart made the street as light as day for a distance of two miles.

The three explorers started down the street.

They were walking side by side when a startling thing occurred.

Chancing to pass an open window suddenly long arms shot out, and enveloping Van Bulow he was whisked instantly out of sight.

Into the house he was pulled, and his astounded comrades turned to find that he had disappeared.

Frank Reade, Jr., was overcome for a moment with horror.

But he was the first to recover himself. He made quick action.

Then he started into the house with his ax uplifted.

Vose followed him.

Entering the place Frank saw Van Bulow struggling in the tentacles of a monster octopus.

The doctor would certainly have fallen a victim to the terrible beak opened to receive him if he had not received aid.

Frank saw this at a glance.

The tentacles held him tightly, and in vain he struggled to free himself.

Frank rushed at him with ax uplifted. He dealt one of the tentacles a terrific blow.

It nearly severed it.

Another blow would do this.

Vose saw his opportunity, and at once finished the job.

Off came the tentacle. But there were others coming forward to take its place, and the creature was filling the water with an inky fluid.

This threatened to put them into darkness if quick action was not made.

Van Bulow, freed of one tentacle was now able to help himself.

He drew the ax from his belt and dealt the octopus terrible blows with it.

With all three axes plying the octopus was speedily dis-

posed of. His tentacles were completely severed from his body, and he was quickly killed.

It had been a close call for Van Bulow, however.

If he had come within reach of the monster's beak, his end would have certainly been assured.

As it was, all had good reason to congratulate themselves.

Naturally they looked about them to see in what sort of a place they were.

As they did so, suddenly, Van Bulow disappeared from sight.

Frank and Vose stepped back with horror to see an aperture yawning at their feet.

"My God!" thought the young inventor, "he is lost!"

Indeed, this seemed a fact.

That Van Bulow had fallen through some sort of a trap was certain. For a moment neither Frank nor Vose could act.

Then the young inventor recovered himself.

He bent over the edge of the aperture and looked down.

The electric light on his helmet illumined the depths for some way.

Then a thrill of joy seized Frank.

He saw the bottom of a pit, not quite twenty feet deep, and there was Van Bulow apparently unharmed by his fall.

Frank made motions to him which the scientist answered.

It was clearly impossible for him to climb out of the pit alone.

Frank, however, quickly uncoiled the wire at his belt.

Here was clearly an opportunity to use it.

He lowered one end of it down to the imprisoned savant.

Van Bulow took it and twisted it skillfully about his waist. Then Frank and Vose took hold of it and quickly drew him up out of the pit.

This settled the matter of exploration for the time.

It was decided unanimously to return to the Dart, bearing with them the gold they had found.

First a return was made to the submarine boat and a large bag obtained.

Into this the gold ingots were placed and conveyed to the Dart.

Barney and Pomp welcomed their return with joy.

The two faithful servitors had been upon the watch for them, and had feared much that harm would come to their beloved master.

Therefore when they saw him return safely they were overjoyed.

The gold also had a jubilant effect upon them. All were in high spirits.

Frank reckoned the length of time spent in the vicinity, and was thunderstruck, as were the rest.

"We have spent a whole day here!" he declared.

"You don't mean it?" cried Van Bulow, in amazement.

"Yes, I do."

"It can't be possible."

"The chronometer cannot lie."

It was decided, therefore, that the journey must be resumed.

The Atlantean city was an inviting field for study, but the trip around the world was in order now.

The trouble was that the life of the chemicals which furnished the oxygen was brief, and as soon as they were exhausted the Dart would be obliged to return to the surface.

This would, of course, defeat the purpose of going around the world under water.

So a reluctant adieu was bid to the Atlantean city.

There was no telling what vast fortunes yet awaited discovery there.

But Frank was anxious to accomplish his feat of making a trip around the world under water.

"Farewell, Atlantis," he said. "I will return and explore you another time."

Then away went the Dart upon a new course.

This time she ran in nearer to the coast of Africa, and thence due south.

One day Frank said, with an air of gratification:

"We have reached the Cape of Good Hope. In twenty-four hours we shall be in the Indian Ocean."

This announcement was received with a cheer by the others.

The Dart was now running at a rapid rate about twenty fathoms from the bottom, and one hundred from the surface.

Of course this fast running required constant attention in the pilot-house.

At times a mighty mountain or crag would loom up to view.

Then there was need to either go around or over these obstacles. To run into one of them would have been fatal.

And still the Dart kept on at that same rate of speed.

Thus far she had made the surface but once.

Now, however, an incident occurred which changed the programme.

Frank had announced that the boat was near the Mauritius, when one day a peculiar sound was heard.

It was like the roar of distant thunder, and sounded just overhead.

"What do you call it?" asked Van Bulow, in surprise.

"It must be a storm going on up there!" said Vose.

But Frank listened intently.

He shook his head.

"It is no storm," he said.

"No storm?"

"No."

"But——"

"Well?"

"What is it?"

The young inventor was silent a moment. Then he said:

"It is a sea fight."

The scientists were astounded.

"Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do!"

"How do you know it?"

"By that sound. It is nothing but the booming of cannon!"

Frank then stepped into the pilot-house. He sent the rays of the searchlight upward.

They swept the waste of waters above. Then Frank gave an exclamation.

"Do you see?" he cried.

The others did see.

There was the keel and hull of a vessel visible in the water above.

Just beyond was another.

Frank had stopped the Dart, and now opened the valve which pumped the reservoir.

The Dart began to rise.

"What are you trying to do?" asked Van Bulow, in surprise.

"I am going up."

"To the surface?"

"Certainly."

"But——"

"What?"

"Surely you are not going to meddle with the sea fight?"

"That depends," replied the young inventor. "If it is a gang of dirty pirates trying to pillage a defenseless merchantman, I shall interfere. If it is a battle between warships of two nations, I shall keep out of it."

The scientists were surprised.

"Do you believe it could be pirates?" they asked.

"Why not?" said Frank, quietly. "This is the part of the world in which they live. They have always infested these seas."

"Then it will be a Christian duty to take care of them?"

"Certainly."

Nothing more was said just then. The Dart leaped up from the ocean into the open air.

Frank shut off the oxygen generators, and opened the ports.

The Dart rested upon the surface of the ocean.

A thrilling scene was revealed.

A sea fight was certainly in progress, and it could be easily seen from the deck of the Dart.

A stanch merchant vessel flying the English flag was being pursued by two rakish looking ships carrying black flags.

The pirates were sending cannon balls after their victim.

The ship was replying with one swivel gun which it carried, but with poor effect.

There was no doubt but that the merchantman would fall into the hands of the pirates.

This would be a catastrophe of no mean sort.

Frank Reade, Jr., knew it, and he set his lips tightly.

"I think I will take a hand in this little picnic," he declared. "Those fellows shall have a good lesson if I can give it to them!"

Frank ordered Barney to bring out some torpedoes.

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG THE CORAL REEFS.

The Dart did not carry a gun, but she had on board plenty of the electric and explosive torpedoes.

These in the hands of Frank Reade, Jr., were far more effective than cannon balls.

The Dart was sent forward at full speed.

It gained upon the pirates.

Fearing that the Malays would see the submarine boat and give it a fatal shot, Frank sent the Dart below the surface.

Down to the depth of ten fathoms it went.

Then Frank ran the Dart directly under one of the ships. He donned his diving-armor and went out upon deck.

Barney in the pilot-house followed directions implicitly, and let the Dart rise until just under the pirate's keel.

Then Frank jabbed the lance of one of the torpedoes into the wooden hull.

This done he paid out a lot of insulated wire, and then returned to the cabin.

The Dart rapidly fell astern, paying out the wire all the while.

In a very short time fully two thousand feet were out, and this was deemed a sufficiently short distance.

Then once more the Dart went to the surface.

The position now was, that the Dart was at a safe distance from the pirate ship, which had a deadly torpedo attached to its hull.

Frank connected the wire with the dynamos, and waited a favorable moment.

Then he turned on the current.

The result was terrific.

The pirate ship was lifted in the air in a million fragments, and a terrific roar like thunder arose.

A column of water many feet high arose.

The dynamite torpedo had exploded, and that in turn had fired the magazine of the pirate ship.

The merchantman was pegging away rapidly to the westward, but was now seen to haul to and come about in the wind.

The other pirate ship had also sighted the Dart.

It evidently mistook the submarine boat for a government cruiser, or warship of some kind, for it at once made off with all haste.

It was several miles distant already.

Frank had thought of pursuing it and effecting its destruction also.

But he now changed his mind and ran up a signal flag upon the Dart's mainmast.

The merchantman answered the signal, and bore down for the Dart.

Soon they were within hailing distance, and Frank went out on the bridge.

The merchantman was seen to be an English ship, and a fine specimen of a brig.

"Ship ahoy!" called Frank.

"Ahoy!"

"What ship is that?"

"The brig Hester, Northampton, bound to Calcutta."

There was a moment's silence, and then the hail came back:

"What craft is that?"

"The Dart, Frank Reade, Jr.'s submarine boat!" was Frank's reply.

This seemed to create much astonishment aboard the brig.

"A submarine boat?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say that you can travel under water?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing in these seas?"

"We are making a voyage around the world under water in the interest of science."

"Well, I never!" bawled the English captain. "What will you Yankees get up next? You beat everything!"

"We are bound to be ahead," replied Frank. "But for our coming you would have been a prize for those pirates."

"You are right. We owe you much."

"Are you afraid of the other ship?"

"No. We can handle one of them all right, but two were too many."

"Then we will take leave of you. We wish you farewell."

Then before the English captain could say more Frank pressed the valve which opened the reservoir.

The vessel sank instantly.

This was the last seen of the Hester.

"Well," said Van Bulow, drawing a deep breath, "they ought to feel very grateful to you, Mr. Reade."

"I have no doubt they do," replied Frank, coolly. "Now for a run across the Indian Ocean."

"One moment."

"Well?"

"I would beg of you to stop among some of the coral reefs."

"By all means," pleaded Professor Vose. "It will be a favor."

"Very well," agreed Frank. "Only you will find more of them in the South Pacific."

Several days passed without incident.

Frank ran north until near the Chagos Islands, and then cut due east for Batavia.

He finally reached that archipelago, and threading the shallow straits, made for the Caroline Islands.

In this route Borneo lay a trifle to the north, and the Dart now entered a sea which was unrivaled for its great beauty.

It was not deep.

But the water was clear and limpid, and the bottom bright and sandy, with coral reefs, sponge plants and shell fish of every description to please the eye.

Some of the shells were of the most gorgeous description.

Never had the voyagers seen anything to equal them.

The two scientists secured all manner of wonderful specimens for their cabinets at home.

They were now in the wonderful region of the most costly pearl fisheries in the world.

Suddenly, as the Dart was slowly wending its way through the coral reefs it came directly under a fleet of pearl fishers.

The bottom was rich in the pearl oyster, and Frank brought the Dart to anchor and sent the searchlight's rays into the depths.

A wonderful sight was revealed.

There in the sands were a dozen of the native divers groping about on their hands and knees.

They were visible only for a moment or two, returning to the surface quickly for air.

But others came down in their place, and so the fisheries went on.

Those on board the Dart watched the affair with interest.

The divers could not see the Dart, for the electric light blinded them.

They doubtless attributed the great light to increased radiance of the sun.

Of course they never dreamed of such a thing as the presence of a submarine boat in their midst.

"They are wonderful divers!" said Van Bulow, as he watched them, "they can remain under water a marvelous length of time."

"It is indeed wonderful!" declared Vose. "How I would like to capture one and bring him aboard!"

"We can do that!" declared Frank. "Barney, bring out the diving armor."

"All roight, sor."

Everybody was greatly enamored of the scheme.

Only one thing was against it. This was the possibility of a struggle upon the part of the captured diver, and that he might die before he could be got aboard the submarine boat.

However, Frank was willing to take the risk.

Barney and Pomp brought out the diving armor.

Frank had decided to take Barney and Pomp with him, the two scientists signifying their willingness to remain aboard the Dart.

But before the armor could be donned a strange thing happened.

Suddenly a shadow fell athwart the glass dome and penetrated into the cabin of the Dart.

Frank glanced aloft, and gave an exclamation.

He sprang into the pilot-house.

He understood at once what it meant. A craft of some kind was just overhead and might throw out an anchor.

If this should descend with crushing weight upon the Dart, the result might be serious.

But before Frank could start the boat the anchor descended.

Fortunately the young inventor saw it just in time, and realized that it would not strike the boat.

It was a kedge, and fell back of a coral reef some yards away.

"Hello!" cried Vose, excitedly, "do you know there is a ship anchored above us, Frank?"

"I know it," replied the young inventor.

"What do you think of that?"

"Let it stay there."

"Why?"

"All the better. They will send down a diver very soon, and then we can catch him."

This was true enough, as all were bound to admit.

Frank had no doubt that the craft was one of the pearl fishing schooners, and that divers would soon descend.

His surmise proved correct.

To be prepared for the emergency, with Barney and Pomp, he entered the vestibule and filled it with water.

Then the three men walked out and clambered down from the Dart's deck.

And just as they did so they saw a naked form descending through the water.

It was one of the native divers.

Down he came almost at their feet. In a moment Barney and Pomp seized him.

The fellow was apparently amazed beyond all power of description.

He fought like a veritable demon.

But he was overpowered quickly and dragged toward the Dart.

Just as the railing was reached it was seen that he was overcome by the water.

There was no time to lose.

Frank instantly seized him by the hair of the head, and pulled him aboard the Dart.

Into the vestibule they all rushed and the door was closed.

The valve was opened and the water pumped out.

But the native diver lay limp and insensible in Frank's arms.

He was copper colored and a well-formed man, being evidently a Malay. Efforts were quickly made to resuscitate him.

He finally began to show signs of life, and then gradually came to.

When he finally opened his eyes and looked about him, an expression of terror settled upon his face.

He opened his mouth and let out a wild yell, which was ear splitting.

"Hold on, you fool!" cried Frank, forcibly, "what ails you? We won't hurt you!"

The Kanaka's visage changed at the sound of the words, and he gave a quick, eager glance from one face to another.

"You Inglisman! No hurtee Matto?"

"No," replied Frank, kindly. "We won't hurt you. This is just a little joke of ours, that's all."

The native's fears seemed to subside.

CHAPTER X.

RODRIGUEZ THE RED.

But he looked about him with a puzzled air.

"Where I be?" he asked, incoherently. "Me no see you before. We be under water?"

"Yes," said Frank, "we are under water."

The Kanaka looked mystified.

"This ship under water, too?"

"Yes."

"But—me no understand. Ship dive like man?"

"Yes," replied Frank, "this is a ship which can travel under water as well as on the surface."

"Go up top when want to?"

"Yes."

"An' dive when want to?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

The Kanaka clasped his hands.

"Funny!" he exclaimed. "How you do it? How you get air?"

"We manufacture it," replied Frank. "We make it with chemicals."

The Kanaka shook his head.

It was all a mystery to him.

But his courage had returned.

He was awed with the splendor of the Dart's cabin, as well as pleased.

"No have seen ship like before," he declared. "Come here under water?"

"Yes."

"Fish for pearl?"

"No," replied Frank, "but if you want to see your comrades, come here."

Frank led the way to the plate glass windows of the Dart.

A wonderful view of the ocean's bed was spread to the view of the astonished diver.

Just at that moment down came one of the divers from his schooner above.

The fellow descended and struck the bottom not twenty feet from the Dart.

He saw the vessel at that moment.

The effect was thrilling.

For a moment he crouched upon the sands in surprise and terror, then up he went to the surface like a shot.

Matto, the Kanaka, laughed at this immoderately.

"Berry funny!" he cried. "He see under water boat. He 'fraid."

"So were you at first," said Frank.

Matto looked about apprehensively as if he had not quite recovered from his fear as yet.

Frank then touched the electric lever which exhausted the reservoir, and the boat began to rise.

For a moment Matto was alarmed. He fell down upon his knees with a terrified prayer of supplication.

But the next instant the boat shot up into daylight.

Its appearance among the fleet of pearl fishers created a panic.

All pulled up anchor to leave the spot, fearing an attack.

But Frank ran a white flag up which seemed to quiet their fears, and then the young inventor appeared on the bridge with Matto and hailed one of the schooners.

A parley ensued, and then a boat came and took Matto off.

The pearl fishers now swarmed about the submarine boat without fear and in amazement.

They were evidently very favorably impressed with the wonderful craft.

A number of the captains came on board, and Frank entertained them.

Some hours were spent this way, then the Dart cast off and took a dive beneath the waves.

Once more she was on her under water journey.

From the Island of Borneo a course was set for the Carolines.

Here a landing was made to secure a supply of fresh water.

This was the first landing made, and all were glad to get ashore and stretch their legs.

Soon, however, the Dart was crawling along the bed of the sea toward the Gilbert Islands.

They were now not far from the equator, and a rise to the surface revealed fearful hot weather.

But at the depth at which the Dart was, all was as cool and comfortable as could be wished for.

The Gilbert Islands lay on the northeast, when one day Barney in the pilot-house sighted a strange scene.

"Shure, Misther Frank!" he cried, "wud yez jist coom up an' take a look at the loikes av this."

"What is it?" asked Frank, as he sprang into the pilot-house.

"Shure, sor, an' it looks like two ships, one fastened to the other."

At a glance Frank saw that this was true enough.

There, at the bottom of the sea, lay two ships side by side.

They were in a fair state of preservation, though plainly of the most ancient type.

They looked like old Spanish galleys, as indeed they were, with the long tier of guns still frowning from their sides.

They were lashed together with chains, and it was evident had gone down in a terrible sea fight.

Frank comprehended the situation at a glance.

He allowed the Dart to run alongside the two ships.

Then he surveyed them.

One of them was a richly laden merchant ship, and the other, no doubt, had been a pirate vessel.

Coming together in mid-ocean, they had been lashed together, and fought until in a sinking condition, when one ship dragged the other down.

It was a fearful thing to think of, and the explorers on board the Dart regarded the spectacle with interest.

"Some poor souls went to eternity with that trip," declared Van Bulow.

"You are right!" agreed Professor Vose.

"I have a strong desire to explore those vessels and learn their names."

"So have I."

The two scientists looked at Frank.

The young inventor nodded his head.

"Very well," he said, "you shall have the privilege, if you like."

The diving-suits were brought out and donned quickly.

Barney and Pomp were to remain aboard the Dart.

Soon the three explorers were making their way over the bottom of the sea to the two sunken ships.

As they drew nearer Frank deciphered upon the stern of one the name "Mary Isabella, A. D. 1640."

The other bore the name "Buena Vista," without a date.

Reaching the Mary Isabella, the three divers clambered over the rail.

The decks presented a scene of wild confusion.

Despite the more than two centuries that the ships had laid at the bottom of the sea, however, things were in a remarkable state of preservation.

Cordage and kegs of powder were piled in heaps.

Dismantled cannon lay on the decks, splinters of rotting wood, broken spars, and even shreds of sails yet preserved.

But the ghastly sight of all were the human bones scattered from one end of the ship to the other.

Cutlasses and carbines lay about by scores, just as they had fallen from the hands of the drowning victims.

The explorers counted fully two hundred human skulls. This showed that the pirate had carried a strong crew.

Near the cabin stairs lay the body, or rather, skeleton, of a giant-framed man.

Across the skeleton lay a huge sword, with a handle of ivory and gold.

This had tarnished and corroded somewhat in the lapse of time.

But Frank picking it up was able to read chiseled in the white ivory:

"RODRIGUEZ THE RED,

Capitan la Mary Isabella, A. D. 1648."

A death's head and cross bones were under the name.

Frank held the weapon in his hands with a strange thrill.

He knew well enough what that meant. Many a life had been taken by that cruel blade. Many a poor wretch had begged in vain for mercy beneath it.

Rodriguez the Red was a noted pirate of those times.

This, then, was his ship, this his sword, his bones, and his miserable end.

It was a thrilling subject to think upon, and Frank was deeply impressed.

He hung the sword at his belt, determined to preserve it. Vose and Van Bulow had descended into the cabin.

Here an awful scene was revealed.

Beyond the main cabin, in the hold of the ship, was a terrible spectacle.

In shambles, with iron fetters at wrists and ankles, were half a hundred skeletons, many of them being women.

These, no doubt, were prisoners captured by the pirate, and held for ransom.

Their awful fate was a terrible thing to think upon.

The explorers gazed upon the scene for some moments with horror.

Then they passed on, exploring other parts of the ship.

The galley, the forward cabin, the forecastle, the powder magazine all were visited.

Then it was left to Van Bulow to make a wonderful discovery.

Near the magazine he found a sealed door.

This was examined, and it was concluded that this must be the entrance to the treasure chamber of the pirate ship.

At once the explorers proceeded to batter it down with their axes.

This required some time, but it was finally accomplished.

A dark chamber was revealed beyond. Into it they passed.

There were several iron-bound chests.

There were piled each upon the other.

Of course the explorers fancied them filled with treasure.

There seemed no good reason why they should not be filled with gold and jewels.

A blow of an ax dashed one of them open.

It was empty.

A second was found to be the same.

A third contained a handful of moldy silver coin. This was the sum total of the pirate's treasure.

Whether there was more on board or not it was easily guessed.

Undoubtedly, however, the pirate chief had exhausted his store of money, and had counted upon making up for it from the capture of the Buena Vista.

It was much the custom of pirates in those days to bury their treasure upon desert isles.

Possibly Rodriguez had done this.

However it was, certainly, there was nothing of value on board now.

The explorers left the Mary Isabella and its uncanny relations.

They were decided to go aboard the Buena Vista.

Frank, however, did not anticipate finding money aboard the merchantman.

It was probably heavily laden with merchandise which had not yet been converted into gold.

But just as they were about to board the Buena Vista, Barney flashed the searchlight from the deck of the Dart.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

This was the danger signal, and Frank stopped, even with his hands upon the rail of the galley.

He turned and made startled signs to Van Bulow and Vose.

All started for the Dart with all haste.

They ran rapidly, and reaching the rail, clambered into the vestibule.

They were not a moment too soon.

Even as they did so Frank saw what the cause of Barney's alarm was.

A strong submarine current had set in and was rocking the Dart violently.

In fact, barely had the explorers clambered aboard, when the submarine boat was picked up like a feather and whirled away in a surging mass of water.

Frank and the two scientists managed to get off their armor and reach the interior.

Barney was in the pilot-house at the wheel.

Frank was quickly by his side.

The Dart was being whirled with fearful speed through the deep.

There was most fearful danger of a collision with some object, and Frank took the wheel from the Celt's hands.

Barney pointed to the barometer.

"Begorra, Misther Frank," he cried, "I felt it coming, an' shure, I med up me moind it was a cyclone we'd be afther havin'."

"That is right, Barney," said Frank.

The young inventor knew that a typhoon was raging upon the surface of the sea, and the depth here was not so great but that the Dart would be involved in the current.

It was impossible to say what might be the outcome of this.

If the Dart could reach deeper water it might descend below the level of disturbance.

If not, it would be whirled nobody knew what distance.

There was also a possibility of becoming engulfed in a tidal wave and hurled to destruction.

It was a time of awful peril.

And Frank and his companions had been lucky to get aboard the Dart in due season.

If they had failed to do so the Dart would have left them.

Away like a race horse the Dart was whirled.

But it could not last forever.

Suddenly Frank became convinced that there was deeper water under them.

Accordingly he let the Dart descend. Down shot the submarine boat.

It was a correct guess.

There happened just here to be a deep sink, and down into it the Dart went.

In a few moments it was in still water, and they were saved.

The commotion in the waters overhead was something frightful.

It lasted until the typhoon had passed and then subsided.

All was quiet once more, and it was now safe to ascend.

The Dart was soon under way and making good speed once more.

There was no thought of returning to the wrecked vessels.

Indeed, this would have been hardly possible, for the fact that their locality was unmarked, and to find them would have taken much time.

So the Dart resumed its journey across the South Pacific.

Keeping still to the eastward, Frank ran the Dart

through a transparent body of water until in the vicinity of Galapagos Islands.

These are dead on the equator and westward from Peru.

Here he shaped his course due southward, and ran at full speed, until one day, upon taking his bearings, he discovered that they were just off the entrance to the Straits of Magellan.

Into these the Dart made its rapid way, and not a great while later made the Falkland Islands.

Once more the submarine boat was in the South Atlantic.

But here the water was cold, and the bed of the ocean muddy and cheerless.

The voyagers were glad to get away from these uninviting seas, and make the equator once more.

They were now near to having completely encircled the globe.

It was like entering upon the homestretch, and all were feverish with anxious haste.

They had been out thus far not quite three months.

But it seemed an eternity.

Indeed, it was almost as if they had lived at the bottom of the sea.

They longed for a change and the privilege of once more setting foot on America's free soil.

Indeed, the confinement of three months on chemically purified air had not been without its injurious effects.

The countenances of all were ghastly white, and it was safe to say that a much longer confinement would have been very detrimental to health.

So the Dart was put under full pressure.

But the exciting incidents of the trip were not by any means over.

One day Pomp had his turn in the pilot-house.

Barney was working hard below decks, Frank was in his stateroom, and Van Bulow and Vose were engaged in a scientific discussion.

Suddenly the darky saw a peculiar object far ahead.

It looked like a vast black mountain, but as he strained his vision, he saw that it was really the hull of a huge vessel lying at the bottom of the sea.

The darky at once headed the Dart toward it.

His curiosity was aroused.

He shouted down the gangway to Frank:

"Hi, Marse Frank! Jes' yo' cum up yere one minnit!"

Frank heard the call. He at once complied.

He came tumbling up the gangway and reached the pilot-house in another moment.

"What is the matter?" he asked of the darky.

Pomp pointed at the sunken ship.

"Look at dat, sah!"

Frank's face fell.

They were daily passing sunken wrecks without a thought of pausing to bestow attention upon them.

The young inventor was out of patience.

"What on earth do you mean by calling me up here for that, Pomp?" he cried. "Why there is nothing remarkable about that wreck."

"Don' yo' say dat, Marse Frank. As suah as yo' is bo'n dere am a live man climbing around on dat wreck!"

Frank gave a start.

"A live man?"

"Yes, sah!"

"Nonsense!"

"It am a fac', sah."

"More likely it is a big crab crawling over it."

"No, sah. It am a man, I tell yo'! Look fo' yo'sef."

Frank did look.

He saw that the darky was right.

A man was certainly climbing over the rail of the sunken ship.

He carried an ax in his hand and also a lantern, the gleam of which was plainly seen.

What was more the stranger wore the suit of a diver.

"Well, upon my word, you are right, Pomp!" declared Frank.

"I reckon he am a diver, sah!"

"Yes."

"Whatebber am he doin' dere, sah? Am dat a treasure ship?"

"It is possible," replied the young inventor. "At any rate we will find out."

Frank seized the lever of the searchlight and turned the current on.

The blazing light made all in the vicinity of the wreck as light as day.

There were seen to be really three of the divers.

Their life lines, even, could be distinguished. They were certainly engaged in exploring the wreck.

Frank at once correctly divined that they were after treasure.

He regarded them attentively a moment, and considered the feasibility of making their acquaintance.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Pomp," he declared, with inspiration.

"Well, sah?"

"We'll just put on our diving-suits and walk up there and make their acquaintance."

"A'right, Marse Frank!" cried Pomp, with alacrity.

Barney was called into the pilot-house at once.

Frank explained the situation to him, and said:

"Now I want you to stay here, Barney, and watch for my signals. Pomp and I are going to visit the wreck. Of course we do not know that they are friendly people."

"All roight, sor," agreed Barney. "I'll do jist as yez say, sor."

Barney and Pomp at once prepared the diving armor.

Frank and Pomp donned it and made ready to leave the Dart.

Van Bulow and Vose were both anxious to accompany them, but were unable to do so, as Frank did not deem it safe.

Leaving the Dart, Frank and Pomp started for the wreck.

The divers did not note their approach, and seemed busy in overhauling a bundle of something in the sands.

Suddenly a thrilling sight was beheld.

One of the divers had stooped to pick up an object, when his companion struck him a terrible blow with a hatchet.

The stricken diver staggered to his feet.

He warded off a second blow and clinched with his assailant.

Then followed a terrible struggle.

Two of the divers seemed determined to take the life of a third.

"My God!" thought Frank, "they will kill him."

He made signs to Pomp.

The darky pulled his ax from his belt, and with Frank started to the rescue.

Rapid progress was out of the question; but Frank pressed forward.

To shout would have been of no avail, as his words could not have been heard a foot away.

The beset diver was making a bold and plucky fight.

But of course the odds were by far too great.

He was quickly overpowered.

His two foes were raining blows upon his helmet.

Suddenly one of them saw Frank and Pomp coming.

They were seen to instantly pull the life lines. In another moment they were pulled upward and out of sight.

The third diver lay upon the white sands by the hull of the wrecked vessel. He might not be alive.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DIVER'S STORY.

So thought Frank Reade, Jr. But he hastened to his side.

He had given Barney the signal, and the Dart was quickly coming to the spot.

Frank instantly supported the head of the injured diver. He saw that he was still alive, but that the life line was cut, and he was drowning rapidly.

Barney had seen the whole affair, and understood it.

He knew that quick work must be made. The Dart was quickly on the spot.

Frank and Pomp had picked the injured man up and rushed for the vestibule.

There was need of extreme haste.

All was done in a twinkling.

The door was thrown open, and they were quickly in the vestibule.

The water was expelled, and the rescued diver lay gasping in Frank's arms.

The young inventor quickly removed his helmet, and gave him air.

Then he was taken inside the boat and placed upon a couch.

Artificial respiration was resorted to, and every known means used to bring the unfortunate man back to life.

Slowly he revived, and soon was able to look about him.

There were cuts and bruises upon his body from the blows given him.

But Frank had carefully dressed these, and found that none of them were serious.

Soon he had revived sufficiently to talk.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed, in good English. "What is all this?"

"You are on board the Dart—submarine boat," said Frank.

"A submarine boat?"

"Yes."

"Wonder of wonders! To what government does it belong?"

"It is owned by a private party."

"Who?"

"I am the man. My name is Frank Reade, Jr."

A light of comprehension broke across the man's face.

"You are that young Yankee inventor who is so famous?" he cried.

"I am an inventor."

"I have heard of you and your airships and submarine boats. So this is one of them?"

"Yes; this is the Dart."

"Well, it is a dandy."

"It is a good boat."

"But what are you doing away down here in these seas?"

"We are on our way home."

"To the United States?"

"Yes."

"Where have you been, if I may ask?"

"Certainly. We have been almost around the world." The diver whistled.

"And all under water?"

"Yes."

"Whew! What a record! But you happened along just in time to save me."

"Yes."

"For which I am thankful. I shall never forget it."

"That is all right."

"But doubtless you would like to know who I am."

"I would," replied Frank.

"Well, I am Herbert Smith, of New Orleans, Louisiana."

"Ah!"

"Of course you have never heard of me. But I am well known in that locality. My business in this part of the world was the recovery of a million dollars in gold from the wreck of yonder ship.

"That ship was the steamer Virgo, of the Argentine service.

"She sailed six years ago for New York with all that coin on board, and was lost at sea.

"I have been for six years engaged in locating her.

"I have spent fifty thousand dollars, or nearly ten thousand dollars a year in quest. At last I succeeded.

"There she is, and the coin is now safely aboard of her. It is a vast treasure and well worth striving for.

"But, unfortunately for me, I was induced to take into partnership two men whom I now know to be rogues.

"They are brothers, Martin and James Henry.

"We found the wreck by repeated diving in different latitudes, using my yacht, the Fancy, manned by a trusty crew."

"And they tried to murder you so that the treasure would be all theirs," said Frank, quietly.

"You saw that with your own eyes, did you not?"

"Yes."

"They meant to kill me!"

"Certainly."

"Doubtless they even now believe me dead."

"I daresay."

"They will tell the crew that I was devoured by a sea monster of some kind. Then they will try to get away with the gold coin."

"That is what they will do, very likely," agreed Frank.

"Now, if in my case, what would you do?"

"I should remain quiet right here until you are fully recovered."

"But——"

"Wait a moment. When you are recovered, I will do all in my power to help you recover that treasure, and also to overtake and punish your foes."

Smith gave an inarticulate cry, and seized Frank's hand.

"You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do."

"You are too kind to me!"

"It will be a pleasure. You may remain on board this boat until America is reached, if you desire!"

"God bless you!"

Smith seemed overcome for a moment. Finally, he aroused himself and said, in a faltering tone:

"You are more than kind to me. Let me tell you my story."

"I will be glad to listen!"

"I have a mother and sister at home dependent upon me. My mother is aged, and my sister is a cripple.

"My father is in prison falsely charged with forgery. He has not the money to procure a new trial, which would clear him.

"It is for these ends that I am working, that I desire this fortune. It is not for myself!"

Frank listened kindly.

Then he took the wounded diver's hand, and said:

"Rest easy where you are. We will see that you gain your ends!"

"God will bless you!"

The wounded man sank back and slept soundly for some time.

The voyagers all came forward and looked upon his handsome face.

"He is a noble fellow, I'll wager my life," declared Van Bulow.

"He is a man of heart and deep refinement," said Vose.

"However that may be," said Frank, forcibly, "he has been in the hands of a set of villains. If I can help him out of it I surely will."

It was decided while Smith slept to visit the wreck.

If the million dollars in coin was really there it should be removed to the Dart.

Then when Smith should awake he would find himself homeward bound, with his treasure safe in his possession.

A trip was taken to the surface first of all.

Frank was determined if the Fancy was still there to capture it, and also the two would-be murderers.

But to the surprise of all the yacht was gone.

Only a distant speck on the horizon was to be seen of her sail.

The villains evidently did not dare to descend into the ocean depths again, either from superstitious fear, or some other cause.

A trip was next made to the wreck of the Virgo.

Frank and Barney thoroughly explored the ship from one end to the other.

In the treasure room the gold coin was found.

But there was no such amount as Smith had declared. Instead of a million bare one hundred thousand dollars was found.

What had become of the balance was a mystery never to be solved.

The money was removed to the Dart in canvas bags.

Then, after making another long search, the submarine boat went again on its way.

Frank Reade, Jr., now headed the Dart for home with all speed.

The two scientists, Van Bulow and Vose, were well satisfied with the result of their labors.

They had gained much material of value, and were returning with enough to make of them lions in scientific circles.

Barney and Pomp were tired of the long trip under water.

"Bejabers, it will seem good to git a sprig av good old shamrock ag'in!" declared Barney. "The soight av a green field wud surely par'lyze me!"

"Huh! I jes' want one mo' whack at a good possum stew," said Pomp, smacking his lips.

As for Frank Reade, Jr., he was thinking of a wonderful new invention which he should proceed to perfect as soon as he reached Readestown.

And Herbert Smith was very willing to get home.

In fact, the new passenger was hardly able to realize his good fortune.

"I don't understand how that million in gold coin shrunk to a hundred thousand dollars," he declared, "but that is large enough fortune for me. I am satisfied."

"I hope that you will overcome all your troubles," said Frank.

"I shall," replied Smith, confidently.

"What will be your first move?"

"Make my mother and sister happy and comfortable."

"And then?"

"Secure my father a new trial, and see that he is cleared."

"After that?"

"I shall pitch in for myself." The young man's eyes twinkled. "There is a pretty Mary Jones who is waiting for me. She is as true as steel."

Frank smiled happily.

"I have taken a great interest in you, Smith!" he declared. "I hope that you will prosper and be happy."

"Thank you!"

Still the Dart kept on her northward way.

It was evident that the party had all been under water quite long enough.

All were beginning to feel a trifle sick, and the boat itself was showing the wear and tear of the trip.

Frank could have risen to the surface and gone along much faster.

But he preferred not to do this.

As he said, the cruise had thus far been made under water.

It was worth something to say that one had been around the world under water, and he wanted the credit for it. So the Dart kept on just the same.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOME AGAIN—THE END.

I was a joyful day when Frank announced that the Bahamas lay just to the northward, and they were making in for the Florida coast.

But Frank, however, kept cool and cautious. He knew that even on this last stretch serious things might happen.

And this was proven true.

Even as the Florida coast was sighted and Frank made it only one hundred miles to St. Augustine, an incident of thrilling sort occurred.

Frank was in the pilot-house when suddenly the boat gave a lunge forward, and came to a dead stop.

The submarine boat settled down to the bottom of the sea, where it rested easily.

Frank pulled open the propeller lever, but all to no avail. Instantly a thrill of alarm seized him.

"What is the matter, Frank? What has happened?" cried Van Bulow.

"What has broken?"

"Have we been run into?"

"We are lost!"

These were the excited cries.

But Frank only descended into the cabin coolly, and said:

"You must all remember that you are men, and you must have grit and coolness. We can only die once."

Frank quickly descended into the engine-room.

It required but a moment for him to see what was the matter.

The propeller shaft had broken, and was for the time useless.

The young inventor examined it.

It required some time for the young inventor to fully study out the situation.

Then he called Barney and Pomp to his aid.

Tools were brought out and work was begun. For a week the Dart lay at the bottom of the sea, not one hundred miles off St. Augustine.

This was a hard thing to think of on the whole.

It was certainly hard lines that so near the end of the journey the boat should meet with such an accident.

But Frank proved his indomitable spirit in royal fashion.

He had finally succeeded in repairing the shaft so that the Dart could go slowly forward.

Once more they were on the way.

Two days later the Dart glided into St. Augustine.

Then it came up out of the harbor depths and ran up to the masthead Frank Reade, Jr.'s flag.

A number of government vessels were there, and many private yachts.

All had been awaiting the return of the Dart.

At its appearance the boom of cannon burst upon the air. The enthusiasm and excitement was great.

The wonderful trip around the world under water was ended.

From one end of the continent to the other the wire carried the glad news. The crew of the wonderful submarine boat came in for an ovation.

Dr. Van Bulow and Professor Vose returned to New York to report to their society. Herbert Smith started at once for home with his treasure.

The Dart was placed upon a special train and shipped to Readestown for repairs. A few days later Frank Reade, Jr., and Barney and Pomp were home again.

There they were satisfied to remain for a time. But the young inventor had new and daring plans, intended to eclipse even these portrayed in this story of a submarine boat, or a trip around the world under water.

THE END.

Read "THE MYSTIC BRAND; OR, FRANK READE, JR., AND HIS OVERLAND STAGE," which will be the next number (21) of the "Frank Reade Weekly Magazine."

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